

4[?]

CRUST WIRES

We're on our way: stay in, go out, stay in, go out, all good, getting there



Zabriskie Point, Love Exposure, Abes Oddyssey, Folk Metal, Psych Wards, EB Bowl's Club, Игла, The Bible, A Whole Lot Of Stuff

A Lot, Too Much Stuff

Now we're moving

What can happen

Juicy, or horrible psych ward shit

Getting some not fun consequences for normalising excess alcohol, robittussin dry cough and stimulants because I have not had any recently except for caffeine.

There you go kids, I'm sorry. I made it look totally kool to be a fuck up because I did stuff and attributed my doing them to substances.

What is really necessary is good management of emotions, foremost. Substances do keep you focused on certain things, sometimes keeping your head above water when you're in circumstances that can stifle your creativity, or sometimes drowning you, but you can usually experience a lot of things off them and feel pretty good.

That all sounds pretty square and boring. Mm. Yep. I mean I'm thinking of things like, "go to the library". "Go to a show sober."

I'm one of those people who is one of the ones who has a problem. It's not that I couldn't manage the substances and the unemployment and the taking on other people's and the world's problems like they are my own just about, seeing normal and healthy things through a lens of skepticism and disdain for the trivial and over-comfortable. It's that I was hyper-managing, micro-managing, trying to think A LOT about everyone and everything at once, and DO MY BEST at the expense of good taste, moderation (real moderation), health (real health) and ordinary getting my adult life together. Actually I was slipping into not being productive, really, but still trying the same things, just to feel good. Yeah, I wasn't doing the substances all for other people, I could still be pretty lazy, like any normal kid (i'm 26 now, but unemployed and stuff).

It wasn't a catastrophic fuck up that lead me to get off the stuff and talk about ME ME ME, MY PROBLEMS in MY BORING LITTLE OFFICE instead of GLOBAL POLITICS, EXCITING BANDS, you know, ideas more exciting than whether I will walk to the job centre without wanting to cry because life right now is boring and I might work for Chemist Warehouse for years or deliver papers again.

Those things are all normal things. The thing that wasn't normal was that a) for a while these zines were just becoming progressively insane and almost unreadable, especially with the alcohol and cough syrup, and also feeling like I needed a sweet spot dose of ritalin, exercise, ginseng, caffeine and orderly social and personal life that I couldn't always get, also trying to write a BIBLE, and b) I had posted things on facebook as a private message inclusive of people from high school, internet friends, family and the local music scene, saying I was the Whore of Babylon exposing my private parts by spreading my facebook password around. Don't judge me there, it is a LONG story. It doesn't just come out of nowhere, some misfiring neurons when that happens (for me, anyhow). No voices in my head telling me to do it or anything like that, either. I solved a problem or two, or three or more, on that busy night on facebook messaging all the lovely (and less lovely) people I know.

I also decided that the bible was pretty much finished and that I was to have no more pressure to finish zines or anything like that. It was finally a mental holiday. A lot happened around that time that I was feeling completely in control for once, as if I were an astronaut right at the instruments that had been assigned for, that I had been spending a great portion of my life preparing for. A favourite memory is sitting on Matt K's couch while he wasn't home, listening to Ariana Grande in my normie friend's sort pajama pants, eating

Matt's fruity loops with soy milk, watching a NASA ad playing and thinking, "I feel like that" when a voiceover explained what it was like to be an astronaut in space. All my social fragmentation was no longer of any concern. I felt completely relaxed and normal.

Of course I was not always to sit in grey and pink pajama pants, comfortable on a grimy couch. Listening to and understanding the sublime side of post shooting music of Ariana Grande like a pure hearted teenager.



Illustration 1: It wasn't quite the seat of crimson the biblical Whore of Babylon sat on, but Robo being red, and coincidentally spilled on pink sheets was an interesting, and pretty, parallel to the story enough for me to document. The gold ginseng tea box cutout went with the theme somehow, too, though it wasn't the same as wearing gold, silver and pearls.

My life had reached some kind of peak around that time. Creatively and psychologically, it was as though I had tied up all the loose ends in my brain. All the ritalin tension was melted by the DXM but my vision remained. I could be both ethical social engineer and authentic, free human

all at once. It was like my life was for once worthy of being in a movie and I felt it intensely and wonderfully.

Some friends took me to the emergency room, eventually, because I'd gotten a bit full on. Also, people thought it wasn't me trying on facebook. But actually it was. Anyhow, that's not the main part of the story.

They took me off ritalin and cough syrup cold turkey and kept me for about ten days under observation. They put me on valium when I started crying and coming up with reasons why I didn't want to go on antipsychotics.

I talked to somebody who said she was an actual whore and very afraid of her partner, who used to be a music therapist. She must have been so competent and wonderful before getting mired in so much shit. There was also a girl who had a cool beanie and sports clothes and stuff and shook a bit. "What're you in here for? I think I have schizophrenia, because I hear voices" "Depression and anxiety," she responded matter of factly.

A guy came up and said, "Hi, my name is Chris, I understand you're in here because of a God, who I also believe in", and I thought he was a social worker or chaplain trained to tell me what I wanted to hear, such was his confidence.

It was like I was accepted in a club of fuck ups, like I have real problems. If only they put some palm trees and shit around and some people might think they died and went to heaven. But instead, people were sleeping on benches, so it was like being in the CBD I guess.

I thought that considering that the people taking care of me were also educated and fair-minded people, that I would be able to make my case for being of sound mind and be let out. But the Whore of Babylon story didn't fly too well as a sort of half joke and long winded story. Also,

maybe some people were a bit sensitive about the implications of Brisbane being like Babylon. Actually nah.

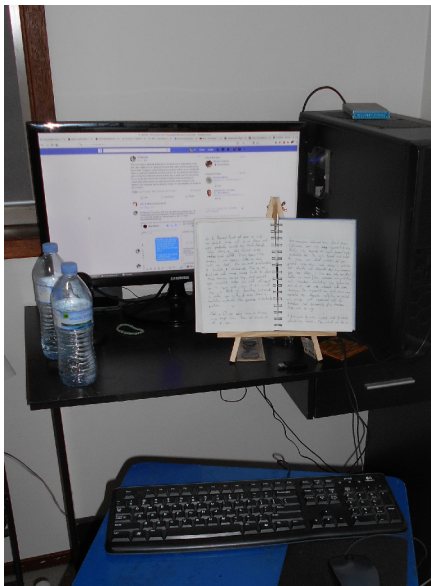


Illustration 2: Typing up notebooks

Anyhow, I'm stuck here sober for a while, which I guess is for the best. Bit of a downgrade from all my grandiose daydreams about massive parties for the bible book launch, people carrying me on a float dressed in crimson and purple on my sheet where I spilled the crimson Robitussin, before starting a punk riot (maybe it's better that I got locked up and nobody shared the extent of my dreams or else I might be charged for inciting a riot) drunk on the blood of The Saints (the band lol, why not), like a belated G20 protest.

I'm going to stop here and suggest reading chapter 17 and 18 of Revelation. It's been long enough that you can have a laugh at all the parallels between Babylon and Brisbane. I'm not the Whore of Babylon, neither a whore nor a resident of Babylon, you know. Just happened to have something in common, sitting on the crimson blood of the Saints. Or something. Alright, that's pretty loose schizo thinking, ok,

but who cares. Just a little bit is okay. It Is Normal.

Anyhow, I shouldn't finish an article like that. I need to finish it with something realer, like my actual feelings. I feel like my social and personal life isn't as strong as it was. I was on a high, and now it all feels like I have to rely on myself more and more to feel okay. I have to be okay with my own company. There is no fantasy that sustains a solid social kind of feeling. There is just wider society and us scattered like distant stars, it feels. Pretty to look at and parade around on weekends, and taking you where you need to go, eating meals every now and then, but they can sometimes feel far even if they're close. So, so important. So important that disruptions on social environment, the stars shaking, can cause mental breakdown. I wish we could all be in the same place, like a heaven, as happy with where we are and who we are as we can be, and all seeing that at once in beautiful harmony and acknowledgement of each other individually, every individual knowing everyone else and forgiving, loving, just being seen and heard. If heaven has not been reached yet, all of us would know we are making it in that holy sense that it's more hilarious but more completely serious than anything else done ever.

I know that people care about me yet it's like, the love has to spread even more, somehow. It has to permeate within me more as I heal my own damage done to my mind and brain, too.

So much would have to change in society for all us weirdos to feel okay as we are. There are so many things I could dare to want, like a psych ward that is a paradise that anybody could go to if they wanted. For all my friends to be happy without addiction, anxiety, depression, personality disorders and so on. I want a perfect

heaven we can all recover in. I don't know who to orchestrate this, I don't know how, all I know is I am desperate, bored and weird enough to dream about change in society. I know children will grow up with ADHD, with stimulants, with an environment that bores them or frustrates them to tears. Please, just.. I don't know. Demand heaven, gracefully, from people who might be able to change. Understand. There is and is not something very wrong with us. Perhaps I have just reached the baseline of what an ordinary person feels every day. And it's boring.

Also really interesting. My dopamine needs to recover. Or something like that.

East Brisbane Bowls Club DOOF (relocated from Mount Nebo due to beautiful rain)



Illustration 3: A single tentative lone beer and a Beta Boys 7"

It was a good dance party. Not so much of a crowd but it's great seeing that the music I have tended to dance to in my room alone is played by DJ's I know, with at least twenty people dancing.

It was a nice show to venture out to to drink just a little beer, for baby steps, and catch up with people I hadn't seen in a while. Beautiful in the rain. So nice to be able to sit and do what you like, basically, with so many seats and couches too.

ABE'S ODDYSSEY

Are children more likely to have anticapitalist sentiments and engage in guerilla industrial action if they play this game? The poor little alien is just earnest and likes the meat pies until they find out the meat will be made of him. He goes and has the power to psychically occupy the minds of the guards for a little bit and has this simple, primitive kind of language where he says "follow me" to fellow worker aliens.

Written drunk and on too much ritalin:

ZABRISKIE POINT

This is a film where there are students at a university where they are afraid of police and also the university is something they don't like the rules of, the students in a room say. They argue with each other but at a meeting where they seem very important adult topics. There is a man who says he is bored. I thought that it was rude but also I had to admit that the room was boring and the arguing was unsettling and they could have worn nice clothes and talked more friendly to each other.

They wanted to close the university until the teachers or government or the university company gave them what they wanted, which I am not sure what it was but for the police to stop killing them, and for racism to end, and to not be bored.

But anyway the point was that the man who left decides to do something. It was interesting that even though he was rude, he decided to fight on the side of the students, instead of the police, who would have in common with him being bored at a meeting because they are in the movie always looking at action, watching jails and shooting things usually. That is a bit more exciting. But the police did not like this man, or he did not like the police, and he had friends who had problems that the police did not help and in fact made worse.

He had to run away from the big protest and battle of students vs. the police, so the police wouldn't catch him for doing something that is a proper crime, and also they had been bashing people after charging the crowd. If there had been a student holding a flower to a gun, it wouldn't have worked here because the police here were like angry bulls charging. I hope they weren't really like that but I have heard in the news that they do shoot people still, even, and it must have been worse in those days?

The man runs away and escapes in a plane, that he flies himself. He meets a girl and I won't give spoilers but they are both on the mountains that are sort of like grand canyon but more greyish and not as big, at all. There are lots of other people on there too in one scene, though there was nothing else out there and they should have had at least towels, picnic blankets and bottles of water. I would bring a lot of water with me into a desert.

The film had also shown at the start, a lot of boring and scary looking businesses and weird people with suits and things that are all new and fancy but from the 1960s. They had the same kind of clothes on mostly and didn't smile much. It was shown that people were put into categories where they had to do things even when they didn't want to or it was gross or boring and bad for the environment or people just thought they should because they were a girl or boy or black or white or a student or police. Things did not look like they were very interesting but what was interesting was the hippies wanted the desert which was actually more blank and sunny than the boring houses and businesses. It is like they wanted a God sized bed, like a king size but desert size, but just no sheets because to make a sheet there would have to be a lot of war? And it would be confusing to me because just having a giant bed where everything is in a white room with maybe a sun roof or bright lights sounds like the houses those rich, comfortable and boring people in boring houses would have if they had the same fashions as people do now.

Maybe it is just that the bed would have to be sustainable materials, made with a machine we don't have to look at, and by nobody or all of us sharing, or we could just all keep the sheets we have now for as long as possible? As long as something is already made, like the desert, it isn't depressing because nobody had to work for it in a boring, ugly, gross and bad for the environment way recently. There is also a lot of it for everybody. Nobody seems to want to connect with anybody fully but to just do things like rest, eat, fight, think rationally and have sex. Both the protesters and the business or cop people want to just have the basic stuff to function and not have to be judged by anyone, or be hurt by anyone. The hippies really just wanted to take the whole

thing to it's end logical conclusion of desires of all having the same thing and doing as little to get it as possible, mainly by talking.

Nobody really talks to anybody that different except the black and white students and a white student said to stop other white students studying and stuff so that they will have to join in with fighting. It is like they are forcing, loving or being robots and no in between, most of them or something.

The evolution of this Zabriskie Point orgy takes us to Smashing Pumpkin's video which obviously references it and then to the spiritual/cultural/economic descendent which is an alienated dude who instead of saying "Just you and me babe," it's "Just me" and instead of seeing all the couples and threesomes scattered across the hills to represent the protagonist's liberated desire for each other, for freedom, united with everyone else's, we see (and our alienated dude feels) cut scenes of people wanking after completing the 4chan workout, seeing a really funny meme, all isolated and not under scrutiny from the system like those hippies making love across Zabby Point. This is the spiritual exodus, or something.

See, I forced myself to watch the entire four minutes of Today (the Smashing Pumpkins video) and it starred an alienated dude who served kids from the ice cream truck and drove it out to a place like Zabriskie Point where the love making scene was replicated but set in the nineties, and the dude actually driving something just watched, picked up a chick but she just has fun leaning out the side, and they all paint the truck for him. Like thanks, that makes my job better? The guy here maintained some good composure having to look at all these people making out (or more!) while he drove the damn truck. "Wanted more than life could ever grant me." "I've tried so hard to cleanse these regrets, my angel wings, are [burned and distressed?] my [genital sounding word] stinks" That's what he's saying in the lyrics. And why is that day, the greatest daaiaaiiayyy? I guess maybe he's cooler than em. But it's all gross and ambiguous in tone, the song. He stays strong and puts on the cowboy hat.

A generation or half a generation later, the alienated dude goes solo. It's easier than ever.

It's one step to utopia where as Jesus says, "There will be no husbands or wives in heaven, we will be like the angels in heaven".

Until then, everything is wankery. Because they didn't work out the economics, stoopid. You're dreamin' if you think you're saving the world for enlightening people about the existence of shit, that was right before their eyes all along, and was maybe even theirs, and then, maybe even chosen to belong to them.

It needed a bit of toilet humour. Or sex jokes. I mean how else do you divert the libido from natural intercourse to get people to take an interest in shit. Productive shit. Shit people. People who need shit help. Shit turned into other shit. Shit like medicine, advances in food production, transport, facilities for when we're old, and so on.

Hey, we don't have shit, we have love. But what's your love going to do for us? I mean you have shit, we (like Daria the hippie casual secretary) have love. Some have the shit necessary to not feel constipated and others have got piles of the stuff. The piles get in the way of love. Because even if you climb over a pile of shit, you stink at the end. Luois CK (the shit man) noticed that baby girls do not want shit near their vagina but baby boys laugh at it. Of course boys and men wouldn't prefer it near any orifice other than the arsehole, but still. This particular man Luois CK said that if you get shit on your dick, you might call up another man and say "Hey Bob I got shit on my dick." This isn't mentioned here for humour, but for it's significance in us understanding shit. One man who perhaps wouldn't mind mixing shit with dick is Daria's corporate boss. He has lots of shit, but it's possible he's bringing his dick into it. He seems to like Daria a lot, because she isn't a very good worker, getting lost, saying she wants to stop and meditate somewhere, but he's very patient. But he doesn't get the love on Zabriskie Point because Daria doesn't like the shit around him. Or he doesn't get the fatherly respect he might want because he doesn't defend love over

the proliferation of shit that gets in the way of other people's love.

How can you have love that other people's shit can get in the way of? If you don't have any shit, why's it that, some of these people with no shit can have free love and some just flare their nostrils in disgust, looking at the horizon of shit, or have shit chucked at them too much? When you have nothing, is it like a choice between shit or love? I feel nauseated, I want a beer, but no, no, the tension headache that could arise here is neutralised by my belief that yes, you can choose love, and that yes, I have tried to deny the existentialist conundrum thing and fantasised about having no choices. Like nothing existing, so we wouldn't have to bother doing boring things, which is as self-indulgent as fantasising about being in paradise with no responsibilities or pain, lying around pretending to not be in connection to other humans.

Other humans are painful to confront – or no, confront is the wrong word, because you don't have to insinuate any kind of physical contact, and confrontation seems like a somewhat violent word. I mean that it is painful to confront the reality that other humans exist and effect the state of your emotions and body. You will try to escape this fact by either a death drive or a productivity drive. It isn't good to have too much of either or both. There is the risk taking, such as the unhealthy napping, neglect, drinking, depression, and then the anxiety, hatred, manic indulgences and shades in between. It doesn't make much sense as the emotional pain could be prevented by not caring. It is as if there is some big picture being worked out in all of us working in unison, for our emotions to make sense. Why do you have feelings for yourself? How does it benefit you at all? What is your soul and body and mind even made of? Is this a state of nirvana? (How much do you love Nirvana if you care about shit so much?) The most hard thing to confront in this post-eccystiscentennialism philosophy is that you are actually not alone. You can't shake the damn people off your mind, and all their shit, because you're not alone.

They're out there. Outside. Doing their business. The cats and dogs and all the creatures too.

So WTF are they doing inside MY BRAIN, even though they are OUT THERE?

You can deny it by focusing on SHIT OUT THERE, NO, NO, NOT IN HERE, NOT IN ME, or LOVE OUT THERE, NO, NO, NOT IN ME, or you can accept that your own damn privacy of your soul ("Integrity is the privacy of the soul" - Molly Nillson, posted on someone's fb) in a dignified, never painful love is something that you don't have. Your soul, mind, body, intellect, nervous system, foot, eye, head, brain, so on, doesn't seem to belong to you as it should, as the REAL you says it should. And yeah, this is about YOU and your eternal gratification as much as the bible and the satanic bible is about you. And MORE! MORE! MORE!

Your customer experience here won't save you (or um, zine recipient target experience) although I assure you that I try my very best to write and print quality zines. My best is actually remarkably shit in some aspects. Long as the love shines out somewhere, it's worth trying though (was there some lyric, "love shining out of your behind"?). But my love here isn't going to make you complete, because I Must Be A Love Factory With No Quality Control (Sunday Painters lyrics). There is a bit agitation running through my lymph nodes or veins or something, there's residue from sins, and a choppy feeling like the fragments of souls of people I've hurt or who hurt me are all smushed together and scratching at my chest cavity with tiny finger nails, nanoparticle soul nails, scratching, whining, saying 'nyurrr do this' pulling at my nervous system like threads and intoxicants like DXM (dry cough syrup) can shed a light on those feelings, for me, without allowing myself to become enveloped in them. It has been a sinful time since I tried to write the bible. Also, drugs supposed to enhance higher brain functions – executive functions, economic decisions – can illuminate or mask sin. Took half a ritalin after I mentioned it had been a sinful time since trying to write the bible. Clever aint it.

Get PEOPLE out of your HEAD with DRUGS or drug-like distractions. And then, be afraid they will storm the gates like storming the bastille. Just fear not, yee of little faith, because those people don't want to chop the head off your

Hooble google. Te goobety gargle. Philosophy goes around and around in a circle until it gets to hoblety goot. Bubba talk. Gog dog (oh I meant to write God) fog I may need helpies for brain a bit fu. C. a wishy woo halp this is GROSS ----- - ----- - ----- - ----- - ----- - see I aint no baby anymore, i've got no pure love, you have to find the love yourself at least to the extent that it can sit side by side with all your accumulated trash, give you some perspective on it, and not feel like you're all alone because of your trash. It could be like a little yin yang in there but that isn't the end goal here for us because total freedom to accept that other people exist in our hearts and minds, without the hurt and sin getting in the way, making us feel alone, like we are not alone in love, but alone in nothingness of judgements of sins.

Ok, so, stumbling over these choppy sins in me making me feel frazzled, I still had an epiphany that love must include the freedom to doubt. You might want to chuck this away and say this is not relevant to my life. It is too abstract, what does it

Do I have the love exposure in my soul, and the confidence to write about this? Woke up yesterday with “love exposure! Love exposure!” running through my head with a flight of ideas but just felt kind of clunky and mildly agitated sitting at the computer. It makes me want to move around like an excitable Japanese teenager but there is nowhere to do that and so on.

Residual hangover and stimulants make me feel less than smooth here. Is it a godspeed or am I chattering compulsively, like a shaky tractor spraying pollution?

Ok, I'll have to forgive myself here for any folly (another term from the bible you don't hear much) and tell you about this film. Can't remember any film making me more ashamed of botched romances and more in awe of a plot's ability to sum up a model of how love, desire, gender, good and evil function in a modern society, make a case simultaneously for being in awe of - or at least suspending judgement of - trashy lewdness and Christian romantic idealism, show characters that are entertainingly ridiculous but psychologically relatable, and ahh, the film goes for four hours and I can't list everything that impressed me without boring you by going on for too long, unlike the film.

An incredible thing is also that the film is very Japanese and very Christian. It isn't ashamed to show the some of the most heroic, beautiful and some of the cruellest, most violent, or weirdest of both cultural/philosophical frameworks, through how the characters act and think.

This is incredibly refreshing to me because in the West, you'd a) have a simpler plot structure and less time, b) be set in a culture where both Christianity and pervert stuff is heavily politicised, commercialised, stigmatised, overly-sacred and moderated and c) less dramatic gestures of respect, exultation, loyalty, extreme repression and extreme liberation of desire, or ones that look cheesy and cynical. The fairly consistent fast pace of the film, the action and the drama and ridiculous cinematic behaviours contribute to this impression of decisiveness/sincerity a lot but it definitely adds to the character's charm and psychological realism when they can say, "punk!" or "christian!" untainted by Western baggage.

Written sober, on antipsychotics

Игла \ The Needle - 1988

What kind of protagonist for rebellious youths would exist sponsored by the USSR state media?

A super-commie superman? A spiderman turned spidery by the mistakes of foreign scientists, who stands up for the workers when they strike?

Nah, some man whose rebellion and restlessness rests on purely being a bit ADHD or schizo underneath but is otherwise very sane and invested in the purest of principles, that not even the worker of the USSR can fulfil. That is who becomes a star like the lead singer and guitarist of Kino (band name meaning 'cinema') in the 80's USSR. Somebody who has a temperament much like myself but is vastly more talented and well-positioned for success. Somebody who doesn't have a cause for rebellion per se, but who can't fit the standards of the norm for being on time, working hard, staying sitting still and so on., and sees that there are hypocrisies in so-called egalitarianism that rests on people telling people what to do. It's like, I'm not rebellious, but you can't tell me what to do. I'm too dumb to follow the instructions. But let me have a chance and I'll write some zines or do something creative, in real time. Can't promise anything, just don't judge me, and give me enough that I can survive, you know?

Viktor Tsoi here is "The man who has forgotten yes or no". He is the ex boyfriend who protects the girl against those who have control over her by exploiting their positions. He is not the man who "has no conscience, only nerves".

It is illogical, unscientific to try to punish such a person into submission because they will only go on to resent you. You need to sign them to a big label. A big government label, even. And as a bonus you help to keep the people happy. A hero who wears clothes they are to desire, to identify themselves with the ideals the hero characterises.

This hero is on the very bottom, while the villains are aspiring to be better than others. Viktor Tsoi doesn't seem to be trying at all. And in the communist world, why would you want people to try to be something they're not? You've already picked people out for their talents and contribution to the people's society as youths, most likely. It's not like they should have any motive like get money, or buy a lot of things to attract a partner of a certain class. Just need some sunnies, cigarettes, leather jacket or whatever it is

of your era that constitutes the basic uniform of romantic but practical youthful idealism/realness/coolness. It's not like the common people are too far off this idealistic/realist/cool image for real, either, because they're all in the same communist society. Tsoi isn't a class of his own. He's part of the state media. That ain't cool, cooler than whatever the rest of the workers are. So who cares.

Tsoi is trying to get back some money owed to him by a less cool dude who only has nerves, not conscience. To have conscience is cool and Tsoi makes the right moves.

Frankly the film is pretty slow paced and arty and I have been watching it in small chunks. I have only watched about a third of it. So I might write more if more revelations come to mind.

Folk metal

Maybe those Scandinavians are more evolved to take elements of rock, metal, classical and earth centred folk traditions and make weird music. It's the kind of music that would suit a barn, a teenager's earphones, a children's adventure film, a library, a barn drinking session or an innercity venue. So is a lot of music. But what I mean to say is that suits being alone or in crowds, in nature or in a city.

I wish that there was folk metal which was certainly not bringing to mind a barn full of fighting, farting, medieval rein-actor soggy (m'sogyny) dogs. It's the kind of music where one could be so happy in their fantasy that there is no real need to engage in the debates and worries of the outside world apart from farting in its general direction. Perhaps reading a book or posting on internet forums, but only considering it as an abstraction.

I may be projecting here, because I'm sure communities of metalheads and folk metallers have their own debates and feminists, lefties and righties and so on like any other social group.

It's just that the music is so open, like trance music or something. You can be whoever you are in your loosest conception. Trackies, bike pants, sports wear, wizard robes, um, pom poms, whatever floats your boat n flies your freak flag.

What if folk metal had utopian visions attached to it like rave music? It sort of does. When I listen to it, it gives me a feeling similar to the library. You can be quiet in a society of others just listening to ancient stories. The stories are disgusting but it's great because you're not actually there. Nobody is there. Everybody is right here in this civilised place. Does anyone have a domestic while Moonsorrow plays?

Do they have them while Royal Headache or Aloha Units, Bed Wetten Bad Boys or KF plays? What about Metallica? Metallica are way cooler than Scandinavian folk metal or melodic death metal because they are extroverted in style and about the - now - emotions. They retain a realistic underlying hope that they relate to the wider population somehow, even though they might be the ordinary sort-of-dorky kids to begin with. They face their demons and the demons of contemporary society in their lyrics and their sound which cool kids get.

Strip away that sense of society, and the booze, and lost and lonely me picks the dork stuff. Nirvana and Metallica still good, as bridges between loneliness and the loner-in-ALL-of-us. The dork stuff with more melodies, more philosophy is for me when I want something that would fly more in a truly devolved-in-a-way, evolved-in-a-way dystopian or post-dystopian sort-of-society where I don't know what's coming, but sort of do know that nature is always there, I can put one foot in front of the other, one

hand in front of another weaving a tapestry,
making a garden, one leg in shit trackies after the
other, one foot into the lake.. If I can talk I can
growl, I can be autistic. I can be a quiet girl
again.

See, I want to be in the Metallica zone to not be
so lonely but I just am. I want to feel cool in 80s
jeans, I want to feel movement, feel cool driving
a car, be in the city, hang out with Beavis and
Butthead.

The old nerd in me has reared it's head, though.
Please be kind to me. I can't handle modern life
so easily. I feel terribly bourgeois and pre-modern
all at once. I will just look up at you with blank,
innocent, lonely, sober eyes and no judgement.



Thank you xx

